

PE-RU-NA RECEIVES PRAISE

For Relieving Such Symptoms as Debility, Backache and Headache.

Mrs. Tressie Nelson, 609 North 5th Ave., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "As Peruna has done me a world of good I feel in duty bound to tell of it, in hopes that it may meet the eye of some who has suffered as I did. For five years I really did not know what a perfectly well day was, and if I did not have



MRS. TRESSIE NELSON.

headache, I had backache or a pain somewhere and really life was not worth the effort I made to keep going.

"A good friend advised me to use Peruna and I was glad to try anything, and I am very pleased to say that six bottles made a new woman of me and I have no more pains and I look bright again."

There are a great many phases of woman's ailments that require the assistance of the surgeon.

But by far the greatest number of such cases are amenable to correct medicinal treatment.

A vast multitude of women have been relieved from the ailments peculiar to their sex through the use of Peruna as prescribed by Dr. Hartman.

He receives many letters from all parts of the country relating to subjects of vital interest to womankind.

Of the vast multitude of women Dr. Hartman treats annually, only a small per cent, of them consider it necessary to write to the Doctor at all.

While it is not affirmed that Peruna will relieve every case of this kind, it is certainly the part of wisdom for every woman so afflicted to give Peruna a fair trial.



MRS. JOSEPH LACELLE.

Mrs. Joseph Lacelle, 124 Bronson St., Ottawa, East, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I suffered with backache and headache for over nine months and nothing relieved me until I took Peruna. This medicine is by far better than any other medicine for these troubles. A few bottles relieved me of my miserable, half-dead, half-alive condition."

"I am now in good health, have neither ache nor pain, nor have I had any for the past year. If every suffering woman would take Peruna, they would soon know its value and never be without it."

Mrs. M. Kilner, 2648 E. 36th St., S. E., Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "I am enjoying good health since taking your medicine. I had suffered for a good many years previous to taking Peruna, and ever since I can say that I do not know what headache or neuralgia is. I can most assuredly say that anybody afflicted with catarrh in any form can be cured by taking Peruna."

their seats. "Those horrid Americans!" says one of your party, and no one protests. But at the next table to you there is seated another party of delightful people—low-voled, well-mannered, excellently bred in every tone and movement. You wonder dimly if you have not met them somewhere. At all events, you would very much like to meet them. They are infinitely more distressed than you at the behavior of the American party which has just come in—because they are Americans also—From the Twentieth Century American, by H. Percy Robinson.

A Reader of Souls.
I should not be surprised if during the coming winter one of the most-sought-after personalities in Paris should prove to be Mme. Bessonet-Favre, the "reader of souls."

As the result of profound observation and study Mme. Bessonet-Favre has developed psychological qualities of no ordinary kind, which permit her to read the soul as easily as other specialists interpret the thoughts or reveal the secrets of the human palm.

According to this new oracle, human beings are divided into two distinct categories—the free individual and the collective type. The free individual bears the imprint of absolute value; the collective type is indelibly marked with the signs of relative value. It is chiefly through the eyes, the mirror of the soul, that Mme. Bessonet-Favre reads the depths of our inner natures.

If the eye is luminous the mind is full of light; if the eye is troubled, vague or dull the individual is sombre and shadowy. The clear, transparent and profound eye reveals the genius of the sower or the charmer. The hard and cold eye shows the power of the dominator, of the director or the vanquisher.

Bonaparte is classed under the heading of a director, the type of which alone knows how to become the center of the seat of gravitation. The director has the faculty of will power, shown in the square chin; energy, as revealed in the sparkling eye; and the clear-cut features, the long visage and high stature betray power and personality. In passing, I have always been led to understand that Napoleon was a man of medium height, or less, but I suppose the "reader of souls" would reply that he was an exception to his type.

The man, in a word, who belongs to the type "director" knows and does what he wants. He possesses enough charm to make his domination desirable, and enough force to impose and maintain it.

The type "charmer" as portrayed by Lafayette, the man with an engaging eye, harmonious though often irregular features, a smiling mouth, a luminous forehead, soft gestures and a supple attitude. Grace radiates from his whole being, although frequently he is unconscious of the fact. The more he charms the less he is aware of it, and he is neither fatigued nor concelled. There are many other types in Mme. Bessonet-Favre's series of representative souls and she is ready to supply historical examples of them all. But it would be much more interesting to the present generation if she could give us readings of the souls of, say M. Fallieres or M. Clemenceau, tell us something of what passes in their inscrutable mind of Wilbur Wright, or lay bare for us the inner workings of the soul of La Belle Otero.—Paris Correspondence of London Globe.

When a girl has freckles, a snub nose and a dimple in her chin she doesn't have to care whether you like her or not. There are others.

"Have you figured out why a man wears suspenders with a belt?" asks the Pittsburg Press. No; but we can imagine why he wears them with his trousers.



SADIE RAYMOND, IN "THE MISSOURI GIRL," AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE TOMORROW NIGHT.

KILLS BEST FRIEND IN BLIND RAGE

Portland, Or., Sept. 23.—Guilty of killing Charles Hegburn, his best friend, in a blind rage, Casper Blickenstoser sits in a cell of the county jail today on the verge of physical collapse. The murder was committed because Hegburn had upbraided Blickenstoser for neglecting a team of horses. They had been inseparable friends for years.

That Blickenstoser did not intend to kill his friend, the officers who ar-

rested him are certain. But he attacked the man last night in a blind rage with a heavy piece of scantling, landing a vicious blow just above the right ear. Concussion of the brain resulted. Hegburn died inside of an hour. The victim was 50 years old, unmarried, and a native of Sweden. Blickenstoser is 48 years old, unmarried, and a countryman of Hegburn.

The absence of some people is highly appreciated by their interested acquaintances.

SALEMITE ROBBED IN PORTLAND

Portland, Sept. 23.—Held up and beaten over the head with a murderous looking revolver, L. M. McFearon, a resident of Salem, who arrived in Portland yesterday, staggered into the police station last night and told a thrilling story of how he had been robbed in a dark spot in one of the side streets of the North End. He had but \$5 with him, and the thieves in evident disgust, had given him an extra deluge of blows because of the small amount of their loot.

McFearon, who had come to visit a brother who lives on the Macadam road, was near Second and Burnside streets when a large fire broke out on the East Side. As he was standing at the curb a stranger walked up to him and said: "Let's go to the Acquiescing McFearon walked with the stranger, who guided the way tentatively to the East Side construction.

Instead of taking him in the direction of the fire the stranger guided McFearon to a secluded spot on Front street, and, drawing a big revolver from his pocket, struck him over the head. McFearon struggled with his assailant, but blow after blow fell on his head until, maddened by pain and terror, the victim made one desperate effort and was getting the better of the robber when a second man appeared and with a club knocked the victim to the ground, unconscious.

When McFearon came to he was bleeding profusely, and his pockets had been rifled. He went as rapidly as his injuries would permit to the police station, where his wounds were dressed by City Physician Zeller, and the case was taken in hand for investigation by Detective Howell. McFearon describes the two men as being young, clean shaven, but dressed in dark clothes, and with dark, soft hats. They were of dark complexion, and one wore a large ring on his left finger.

"I have a few aches and pains, but, generally speaking, I feel as though I had been through a Kansas cyclone," today declared McFearon.

THE PAINFUL CASE OF ATLANTIC CITY

The New Jersey law called the Bishops' law (because three bishops used their influence to pass it) prohibits the sale of intoxicants on the Lord's day. Governor Fort made pre-election promises to special zeal in enforcing all the laws, and this one in particular, and is trying to make his word good. Up to last Sunday he had the law pretty well enforced throughout the state except in Atlantic City. Atlantic City has no use for the law whatever. As we all know, it is a city of hotels and a board walk, and exists for purposes of recreation. People go there for a change and many people go there to spend Sunday. To constrain the thousands of hotel-dwelling visitors to Atlantic City to take their change entirely without alcoholic exhilarants seemed foolish. Atlantic City could not bring itself to do it, and its officers openly refused to enforce the Bishops' law. So Governor Fort had to serve public notice on Atlantic City that if it did not cut off its Sunday drinks he would call out the militia, if necessary, to compel it to, and Atlantic City had to promise to be good, and last Sunday it went dry.

This looks like a hard case, but it is much the same case as that of the more considerable cities in states where drastic liquor laws have been passed. In such states the differences in the needs of different localities is not considered. Laws fit for rural communities are forced upon cities to their detriment, and the only defense the cities have is to neglect to enforce the law. That has been the local remedy in Maine, and when new laws have given the governor power to interfere with it, it has always made trouble. Liquor laws ought to be local. Such a place as Atlantic City, peculiar and out of common in all the details of its existence, ought either to be allowed to make its own rules about liquor selling or should be considered by itself, and get such laws as are reasonable and proper to it. The state has a right to expect it to be orderly and decent, but it is not just to impose upon it arbitrarily rules that are disastrous to its whole existence. It is not argued, so far as we have seen, that the Bishops' law is needed for Atlantic City, or that its enforcement there is useful. The argument is that it is a law of the state of New Jersey, and must be enforced for better or worse throughout the state.—Harper's Weekly.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON AMERICANS

Lack of reverence is only a symptom of the American's strength—not admirable in itself, yet, as the index to something admirable, not perhaps, altogether to be scorned. Nor must it be supposed that the lack of reverence implies any want of idealism or any poverty of imagination, any abeyance of love or desire of the good and beautiful. The American is an idealist and imaginative beyond the Englishman.

The disposition of every American is to take over a whole contract "en bloc," which in England, where every man is a specialist, would be split into twenty different transactions. The American thinks in round numbers. "What will the whole thing come

to?" he asks, while the Englishman wants to know the item. This habit permeates American life in every department. It is labor saving. Few things amuse or irritate the American visitor to England more than the having to pay individually for a number of small conveniences, which at home he is accustomed to have "thrown in," and the first time he is presented with an English hotel bill (I am not speaking of the modern semi-American hotels in London), with its infinite list of items, is an experience that he never forgets.

You may be dining, English reader, at let us say, the Carlton or Savoy, when a party of Americans comes into the room—Americans of the kind that every one knows for Americans as soon as he sees or hears them. The women are admirably dressed—perhaps a shade too admirably—and the costumes of the men irreproachable. But there is that something of manner, of walk, of voice which draws all eyes to them as they advance to their table, and the room is hushed as they arrange

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As in New York society, the "400" consists of at least a thousand people, so, in this city, the "want ad. four hundred" may be stretched into an indefinite number. Perhaps, if you "wake up" promptly you may become the four-hundred and first member of the "want ad. 400."



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